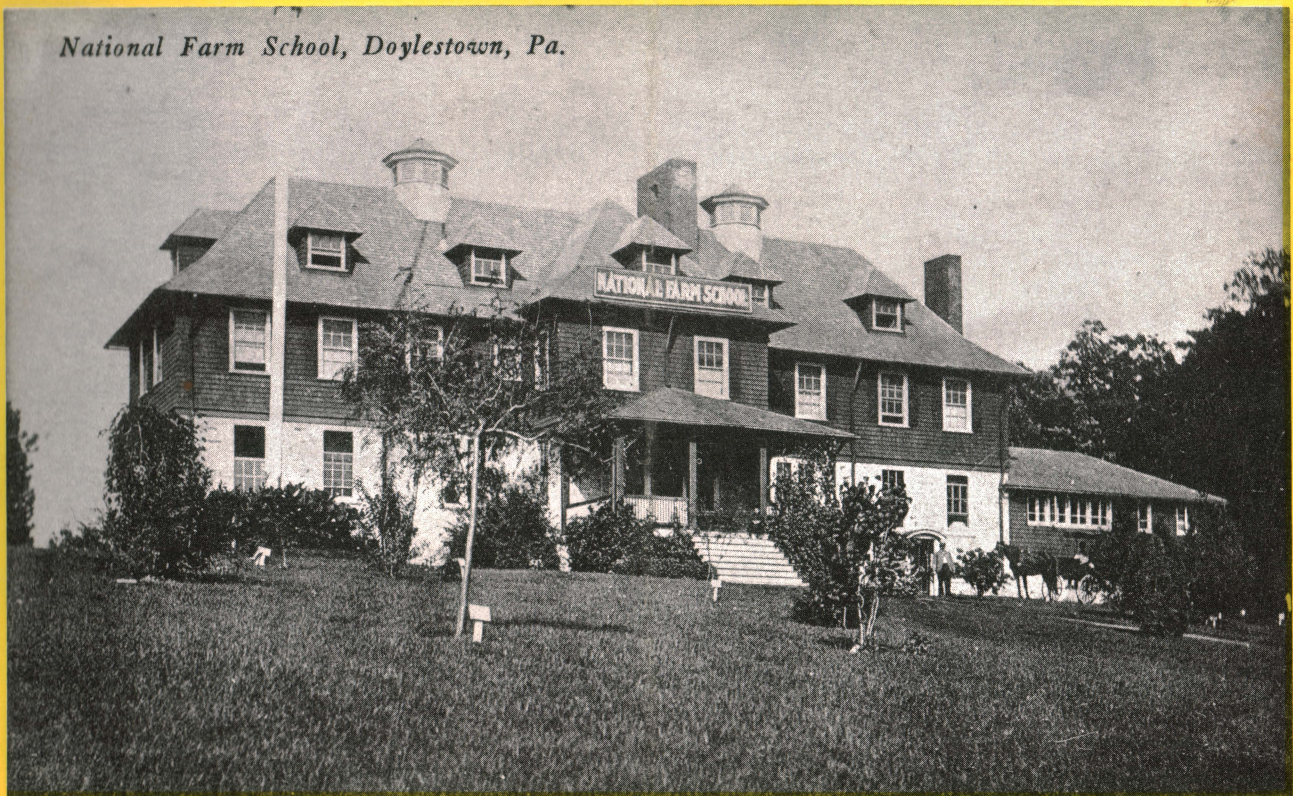


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Bucks County PANORAMA

— The Magazine of Bucks County —

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COVER: A postcard picture of one of the early buildings of Delaware Valley College.

CALENDAR of EVENTS

Courtesy of the Bucks County Historical-Tourist Commission

April, 1971

- 1 - 30 WASHINGTON CROSSING — Narration and Famous Painting, "Washington Crossing the Delaware", Daily 9 to 5, at ½ hour intervals. Memorial Building.
- 1 - 30 WASHINGTON CROSSING — Thompson-Neely House furnished with pre-Revolutionary pieces, Route 32, Washington Crossing State Park. Open weekdays 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., Sun. 1 to 5 p.m.
- 1 - 30 WASHINGTON CROSSING — Old Ferry Inn, Route 532 at the bridge. Restored Revolutionary furniture, gift and snack shop where Washington Punch is sold. Open daily 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.
- 1 - 30 WASHINGTON CROSSING — Taylor House, built in 1812 by Mahlon K. Taylor, now serves as headquarters for the Washington Crossing Park Commission. Open to public Weekdays 8:30 a.m. to 5 p.m. Sat. 8:30 to 11 a.m.
- 1 - 30 MORRISVILLE — Pennsbury Manor, the re-created Country Estate of William Penn. Original Manor House was built in 1683. Open daily 9 a.m. to 4:30 p.m., Sun. 1 to 4:30 p.m. Admission 50 cents.
- 1 - 30 FALLSINGTON — Burges-Lippincott House, 18th Century Architecture. Open to the public Wed. thru Sun., including holidays, 1 to 5 p.m. Admission: Adults 50 cents, students 25 cents, children under 12 free if accompanied by an adult.
- 1 - 30 BRISTOL — The Margaret R. Grundy Memorial Museum, 610 Radcliffe St., Victorian decor. Hours: Tues., Thurs., and Sat. 1 - 3 p.m., other times by appointment.
- 1 - 30 PINEVILLE — Wilmar Lapidary Art Museum. The country's largest private collection of hand-carved semi-precious stones. Open to the public Tues. thru Sat. 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., Sun. 1 to 5 p.m. Admission: 50 cents.
- 1 - 30 DOYLESTOWN — Mercer Museum, Pine and Ashland Streets. Hours: Sun. 1 to 5 p.m., Tues. thru Sat. 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Closed Monday. LIBRARY OF THE SOCIETY — Tues. thru Fri. 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Closed Wed. 1 to 2 p.m. Admission — Adults: \$1 and children under 12 — 50 cents.

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AUNT BESS'S WATCH HORSE

by Phoebe Taylor

Aunt Bess was a woman who had outlived her time according to some of my relatives. For thirty years her home had been the big stone house on top of the hill overlooking fields of grain and pasture land and woods until taxes and old age forced her to sell it. A family from the city bought it and now the rooms were filled with youthful chatter in the summer and weekends. But in the winter they moved to a warmer climate and the children were sent to boarding schools.

Bess stayed on in a room she built on to the barn — a room and a studio, for Aunt Bess was a sculptress. She scraped and pounded all day and had grown quite deaf either from the noise she made or from old age which she wouldn't admit. She was so alone that my family was afraid that someone might come in and attack Aunt Bess, and she would never hear him until it was too late.

Aunt Bess was not worried about prowlers because she had Joe, her huge bay horse. He towered over her,

dark and muscular, heavy black mane falling over his neck and into his eyes and long tail hanging to his fetlocks. His legs were black to his knees and the rest of him was a deep mahogany color except his black muzzle with black outlines around the nostrils. He had large, lustrous brown eyes and sometimes he carried his head low and looked up in a humble sort of way.

People got the wrong impression of Joe from his meek soft way of looking up at you. One of the boys from the new family, who fancied himself a real horseman, hopped on him one time and Joe went off on one of the wildest bucking sprees anyone had ever seen. After the thwarted rider picked himself up and dusted himself off, Joe stopped, put his head down, quietly sniffed the boy and gave him a sad apologetic look.



No one could ride him but Bess. For her, Joe walked to the stone mounting block and waited, head hanging until Aunt Bess was well into the saddle, had shifted herself around a little to get comfortable, and then said, "All right, Joe, I'm ready if thee is." Then

Joe's head came up, ears flicked forward, his long tail swished and he moved out with the smooth grace of a show horse.

There were other things about Joe that no one else knew. Joe had a warning system. When cars crunched into the driveway, Bess was unaware of them, but Joe could hear them and would pound his big hooves against the wooden stable door until the sound vibrated thru Bess's ears. She would look out then to see what had caused the commotion and could prepare herself for her visitor before he knocked at her door.

Joe had other ways of communicating. A loud snort or a piercing whinny also told Aunt Bess that someone was near. Joe never missed. Aunt Bess watched him sometimes as he cropped quietly in the pasture. His head would shoot up, ears straining forward, his nostrils quivering as he studied a distant shape coming down the road. If it were a horse and rider, he would trot in a high stepping manner to the end of his fence to greet them. A dog would be snorted at briefly. A person walking would get a lot of attention and maybe some pounding on the door if he seemed headed toward the house.

One dark night Bess had been sleeping when she awoke with an uneasy feeling. She listened for Joe, but there was no sound. Looking out she thought she

(continued on page 13)



PIRATES ON THE DELAWARE

by Sheila W. Martin

"Ye greatest refuge and shelter for pirates and rogues in America" is hardly the description a city would like to have. Yet in 1698 Philadelphia won this doubtful honor.

For nearly a century, the port of Philadelphia was plagued by visiting pirates. Realizing that Delaware Bay was the outlet for the rich fur trade and the inlet for supplies for Pennsylvania and Jersey, the pirates figured on little opposition from the peaceful Quakers. Along the bay and river were many safe places where the pirates could land undetected to refit their ships, get supplies, and sell their stolen plunder. A plus factor was the presence of many former pirates who had "retired" to the Philadelphia area and who were more than helpful to their old comrades-in-harm.

William Penn was very distressed by the many complaints made to him about these bold buccaneers. In fact, the government back in England threatened Penn with forfeiture of his Charter to the Province of

Pennsylvania unless he really cracked down on piracy.

The infamous John Avery, an English pirate who had reigned as "King" of the pirates in Madagascar, operated near Philadelphia. After he went back to Ireland, 30 of his men settled in Philadelphia in 1696. Avery was such a notorious figure in England that plays, books, and ballads were written about him. One of his exploits involved his capture of the treasure-laden ship of the Grand Mogul of India and his marriage to the Mogul's beautiful daughter.

Hoping to discourage piracy, Penn and his Council put out proclamations and passed laws to punish piracy. In 1700 the Provincial Assembly passed "An Act against Pirates and Sea-Robbers" which stated that all unknown persons coming into Pennsylvania who didn't have a certificate from their port of entry were under suspicion as pirates. An elaborate system of watches was set up in 1701 to convey a description of any pirate ships sighted off the Capes.

William Markham, Penn's cousin, was appointed

deputy-governor during Penn's absence in England. He really was in a spot on the pirate-control project when his own son-in-law was accused of being a buddy of John Avery's. In fact, Markham himself was thought to be a little too lenient to pirates. When he was asked why he had let his daughter marry James Brown, an accused pirate, he answered that pirates had always been civil to him, and they brought in money which was an advantage to the province. James Brown was a member of the Assembly from Kent County but lost his seat in 1698 because of his association with pirates, was arrested by Penn in 1699, sent to England for trial but was acquitted.

Captain Kidd visited Philadelphia in the summer of 1699, anchoring his ship and selling his cargo of East India goods to eager merchants. He remained for 10 days doing a great business. Kidd, the son of an English clergyman, was hanged in London in 1701.

Some of Kidd's men were captured and put in jail in Philadelphia in 1699. A lot of furor was created by the fact that the prisoners, Robert Brandingham (Kidd's surgeon) and William Stanton often strolled around Philadelphia instead of being confined to jail. When Sheriff John Claypoole was questioned about this, he replied that the two men never went out without his leave and with a keeper, which he thought might be allowed in hot weather.

The winter brought a petition from the prisoners to the Council. "Robt Brandingham, prisoner in ye County gaol of philad., upon suspition of piracie, setting forth his Hardship by being confined in these Cold nights to a Low room, wthout fire, and for want of monie to support him, and therefore desiring to be allowed a warmer room and a little of his owne monie (hee having a considerable sum in ye Late Lt. Gov. Markham's hands) for his subsistence." The Council ordered Markham to let the prisoner have 12 shillings weekly but nothing was said about giving him a warmer room.

The Philadelphia papers of the 1700's were full of news about pirates in the area. The correspondence of the leading men of the city also revealed a preoccupation with pirates — often because the writer was also a merchant and trader. Jonathan Dickinson wrote to a business associate in 1707, "The pirates have not yet quitted our coast, and have taken one of our vessels at the cape, in which you happily did not ship my wine." The same year James Logan wrote, "We have been extremely pestered with pirates who now swarm in America and increase their numbers by almost every vessel they take. If speedy care be not taken, they will become formidable being now at least 1500 strong."

All the big names in the piracy biz came to Philadelphia — including the most feared pirate of all time, Blackbeard. He often frequented the waterfront taverns in 1714 and 1715 and bought supplies on High Street. Edward Teach was nicknamed Blackbeard because of his heavy black beard which reached all the way to his belt buckle. He separated the beard into tails, tying each with a colorful ribbon. Dressed all in black from his floppy hat to his knee boots, he added to the frightening effect by wearing three pairs of pistols in a sling across his chest, and a cutlass and knives in his belt.

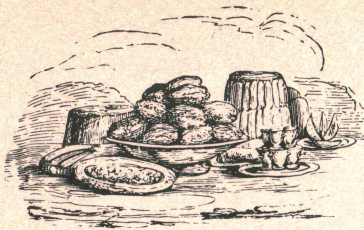
Governor Keith of Pennsylvania refused to be intimidated by Blackbeard when he came ashore once more on August 11, 1718. A warrant issued for his arrest and provincial militia backing it up caused Blackbeard to return to his ship. In November of the same year he was killed in a fierce battle at sea in which he received 25 wounds. His head was cut off and lashed to the bowspit of the ship which then sailed back to Virginia.

The pirates continued to be dangerous to Philadelphia shipping; 1722 was a very bad year. One week in July the only vessel to come in or out of Philadelphia was a plundered sloop. The ship's captains either stayed in port or were so cautious that the pirates had to think up a new angle. They developed the "pilot boat" ruse. A pirate vessel would enter the Capes flying an English flag. When the pilot boat responded to a signal for guidance, it would be captured. The pirates would then man the pilot boat and the next merchant ship to enter the Delaware River would be easily captured.

This clever trick was used in May of 1748 by a Spanish pirate vessel whose aim was to take New Castle. A quick thinking sailor from the captured boat jumped overboard and swam ashore to warn the inhabitants. Philadelphia was then alerted. As luck would have it, the man-o-war Otter which had been sent to defend Philadelphia from pirate attacks was being repaired. So the resourceful citizens took the Otter's guns and placed them on the shore below Old Swede's Church. Luckily the pirates didn't attack.

Tales of buried treasure were popular in the 1700's as they are today. Blackbeard was supposed to have buried some of his gold in the greater Philadelphia area and may people have searched for it. Several pots of money believed buried by pirates were dug up in the cellars of old Philadelphia houses — one at the north-east corner of Second Street and Morris Alley and the other at Spruce near Front Street.

In fact, Bowman's Hill in Bucks County is said
(continued on page 12)



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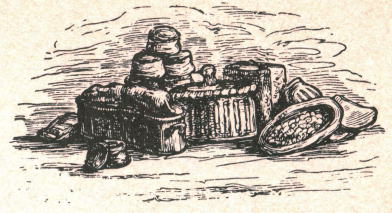
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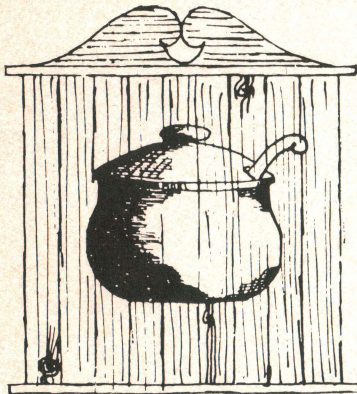
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NOT IN BUCKS COUNTY

by Sheila Broderick

The early spring sun awoke and stretched, gently reaching out to touch the corners of Bucks County with his mildly warm, golden hand. He poked teasing fingers into windows along River Road, and slid a thumb caressingly along the roof tops in Buckingham. He pointed out the top of the Court House in Doylestown, and tapped on the store windows along the main street of Quakertown.

A young housewife, in a house high on a hill overlooking New Hope, raised her hand sleepily and flicked a switch to operate the sun deflectors on the



windows facing the east. Although the town below was covered with a tinted shell, you couldn't help but get a little reflection as the sun moved across it.

She yawned, pushed the intercom button, and lay listening to the children stirring in their rooms. Somewhere in the house an alarm buzzed and a door clicked open, allowing the two Great Danes to bounce outside and run madly up and down their run. They were excited in their exercise, knowing that in a short while their food and water would start spilling into the bowls, however, not until they had run for ten minutes. This would be their only outdoor activity until later that night.

The woman raised herself and reached over to a control board; she pushed several buttons and heard the bath water start simultaneously in both her bathroom and her husband's. She nudged him awake. "Rise and shine, friend. Your bath is ready and breakfast is programmed for waffles, bacon, grape juice and coffee."

He muttered something unintelligible and wandered off, while she sat on the side of the bed searching out her slippers with her feet. The baths were just right as always. She stepped out of her tub and stopped by her mirror. As she stood on the mat, warm air currents from the floor, ceiling and walls began to dry her.

She threw a robe around herself and walked back to her bedroom, pushing the switch beside her dressing table. This operated the curtain covering the Plexiglass walls. With a completely soundless movement, they swept aside and stored themselves in a recess in the corner.

She waved at the three children swimming in the enclosed pool and signaled them that breakfast was ready, by tapping her wrist watch. They really had plenty of time, she had programmed it on slow. The youngsters would slip through the ultraviolet rays that surrounded the water and get dressed, having breakfast over with long before their school assignments came in over the closed circuit TV.

She remembered her own school days, going out in all kinds of weather, being stuck in one stuffy classroom after another, all smelling of sneakers. It had been a long day for her, from eight in the morning until three in the afternoon. Her children on the other hand, would be all through with lessons by one o'clock, and had planned a trip to Philadelphia

later. They had made such an improvement of the grimy old city with wonderful new stores, office buildings, museums, art galleries, and all the old historical places so well preserved . . . and everything under the all-weather dome. With the mono-rail it would take the children thirty minutes from New Hope to Center City.

She made her bed with the throw-away sheets, slipping the old ones into the disposable pillow cases, then hunted up a new paper dress for the day. She brushed her hair and walked over to one of the windows on the shady side of the house. The brush cleaned, stimulated and curled her hair in two minutes. Her flower garden was beautiful in the early morning light. Daffodils, roses, mums and other flowers were all in full bloom, with rows of vegetables in between . . . all flourishing in spite of the frosty edge to everything.

She would bring some oranges and apples in later. These and the flowers were all under the beams from the radiant heat lamps.

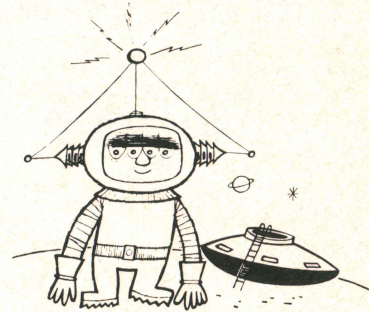
"I spotted a few patches of ice on the drive," said her husband, reaching over her shoulder to flick a switch which turned the underground heating coils on. The ice on the drive and road melted instantly.

A bell rang in the kitchen. Breakfast was ready and waiting. She had fed the special compound into the Service Center the night before, and now it produced the plates and cups for the meal. A teenager dressed in a paper blouse and mini skirt brought packets of disposable flatware to the table, and they all sat down to eat. The microwave oven with its thermo-resistant glass top range, had been programmed the night before, and with the freeze dried bacon, instant waffles, coffee and juice, it had taken two minutes to actually prepare.

The man kissed his wife and the children goodbye and got into his sleek, silver, computer-controlled car. He set the dials to the highway traffic guidance system and sat back to do some last minute paper work while the car steered itself to the station. He glanced up occasionally to look at the fields of wheat

and corn, stretching for endless miles towards Phillips Mill. The rows broken only by other rows . . . these of radiant lamps.

At the station he parked the car after programming it for the return trip later that evening, locked the doors and got into the luxurious coach of the New York mono-rail. Waiting for the train to start he found himself reading an advertisement for the Playhouse. He'd like to take the family to see the newest play, they were so improved now. No more of that touring group business. Now you could see shows right from the Broadway stage with the images of each actor and actress beamed right in on the local stage. You felt you were actually seeing them in the flesh.

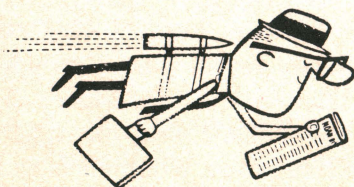


He noticed a train pulling in alongside of his with a load of tourists aboard. It was early in the day for them to be arriving for shopping in New Hope. Still, with the all-weather dome, tourists could come and go all year and never worry about rain, snow, crowds or parking. His train started off, and he sat back knowing he'd be in his office in three quarters of an hour.

Back at the house his wife was throwing their dirty dishes and the bed stuff into the electric trash disposal. Then, thumbing a couple of buttons, she set both the disposal and the room cleaners going. There was a small vacuum built into the floor of every room in the house, although with the electric air there really wasn't any dirt. The cleaners had come with the house, each programmed to the size and shape of the room in which it would operate. As soon as this job had been attended to, she heard the main tank under the house come on. This would take the dirt from each vacuum and dispose of it.

She picked up the paper clothes the children had worn the day before and thrust them into the disposal chute. Then she checked their bathrooms, pausing a moment to put the lid back on her son's Tooth All. Wonderful stuff, she thought to herself. The dark green liquid cleaned, freshened the breath and coated the teeth with tooth decaying preventative.

(continued on page 31)





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(PIRATES con't from page 7)

to be one of the places where pirate treasure was buried. Many people have searched there but not a doubloon or piece of eight has come to light. The rumor about the treasure there arose from a confusion over names. Bowman's Hill is named for a John Bowman, a friend of Jonathan Pidcock, the first settler on the hill. There was another John Bowman around, however, a surgeon on Captain Kidd's ship and this gave rise to the misconception.

Another place reputed to hold pirate gold is Jacks Island, a small island in the Delaware River about a quarter of a mile above the mouth of the Poquessing. Tales have been told that Blackbeard hid his money there.

So great was the buried treasure fever that a comic opera was written in 1767 in Philadelphia which poked fun at the people searching for Blackbeard's treasurer. An early form of censorship was imposed when the production was stopped just before final rehearsal because of the wrath of the Philadelphia citizens whose names were mentioned in the opera.

The threat of pirates gradually lessened although in 1781 Thomas Wilkinson was convicted of piracy in Philadelphia. His execution was set for Windmill Island, in the Delaware River just off Market Street Pier. It and other small islands were removed when the harbor was dredged. The Golden Age of Piracy around Philadelphia must have ended in 1799 with the adventures of three would-be pirates, Joseph Boulanger, Joseph Berrouse, and Peter Peterson. They joined the crew of Capt. William Wheland's schooner Eliza bound for St. Thomas. The crew members were Mate Richard Craft, Supercargo Charles Rey and Seaman Jacob Suster of Germantown. Two weeks out at sea, the three pirates killed the crew, threw them overboard and wounded the captain. Then, like a flash, it came to them — they didn't know how to sail the ship! Thinking fast, they dressed the captain's wounds and promised to set him safely ashore on the first island they came to if he would steer for them. This he did for 9 days, until he saw his chance. He managed to knock out Berrouse with a heavy wooden stick and chain him to a bolt on the deck. He imprisoned the other two in the galley.

Afraid to close his eyes, Captain Wheland sailed for 13 more days finally reaching St. Bartholomew with an American man-o-war in the harbor. The pirates were returned to Philadelphia for trial and were sentenced to be hanged on Windmill Island. Showing themselves to be good sports if poor navigators, they shook Capt. Wheland's hand as they ascended to the scaffold.

(HORSE con't from page 5)

saw a shape, two shapes, and then she heard a thundering crash reverberating thru her walls. There was a loud bang and a yell as Bess jerked open the door to the corridor between the stalls. Lying in a heap was a man and raging around in his stall was Joe, dark eyes gleaming, nostrils red and distended, hooves threatening to demolish the stall door.

"Keep that horse off me — keep him off!" screamed the huddled man. Bess wasn't sure she heard everything he said, but she could see, so she told him to stay still or she couldn't quiet her horse. "He's a devil. He'll kill you too," yelled the man.

Bess gave him a scathing look and turned to Joe. "That's enough," she said, "Thee may quiet down now." Joe blew for awhile, then he put out his big



head and rested it on Bess's shoulder and she rubbed under his jaw and then reached up and caressed him around his ears. There was a movement from the heap of man on the corridor floor and Bess went into action. "Stay there", she commanded, "While I call someone. The horse will watch thee while I use the telephone," and she went into her room and called the constable.

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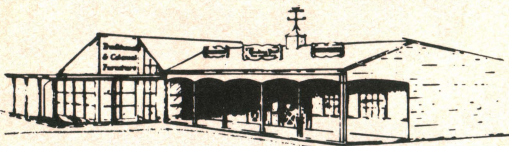
Kashmir is also known for its silk rugs which are created from the tussah worm of India.

These woolen and silk rugs are woven by craftsmen whose art is unique, because it is passed on from father to son; thus capturing the genius of many generations of weavers and artists.

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DR. ALLEN HOYT MOORE

TRIPLE SHOCKS within a comparative space of time are painful. First it was my own loyal wife for 49 years, then the untimely passing of a 16-year-old granddaughter from leukemia, and then the sudden passing of one of my dearest friends, Dr. Allen Hoyt Moore of Washington, N. C., who practiced medicine in Doylestown and vicinity from 1925 to 1954. This Rambler was the very first newsman to interview Dr. Moore upon his arrival in Doylestown. As a friend and family doctor, he had no peer anywhere. Thousands of his patients in the PANORAMA country will never forget this most gracious man, one time a regular news contributor to PANORAMA.

* * *

AT THE 136th annual dinner-meeting of the Union Horse Company of Doylestown and Vicinity for the Apprehension of Horse Thieves and Other Villains at the Doylestown American Legion Home on February 6, the 256 members present sent this telegram to the doctor's dear wife, Faye Moore: "The death of your husband struck a particularly sad note with all of us meeting for the 136th time. As our honorary president and loyal friend, his death leaves us with a huge void to fill."

AT THIS same memorable dinner-meeting, I was presented with another "shocker", a framed testimonial on the occasion of my 40th year as a member of the Union Horse Company and named successor to my old pal Dr. Moore, as Honorary President after serving some 30 years as secretary.

* * *

IN THE YEAR 1925

IN SPITE of the fact that criticism was heard at times that things not practical were being taught in our public schools, J. Harry Hoffman, superintendent

of schools of Bucks County staged a championship county spelling bee to determine the county's champion speller. The affair was held in the auditorium of the Doylestown High School with only 26 of the county's 53 districts represented, which didn't please Superintendent Hoffman. It was pretty 12-year-old Edna Stover, an 8th-grader in the Yardley Boro School of Upper Makefield Township, who won the county title, the state title and then on to the national contest in Washington. Edna became eligible to compete in the state title, this Rambler recalls, by winning out over Miss Miriam Rook of the Aquetong School in Solebury Township. It was the well known word "Affidavit" that lost for Miss Rook and won for Miss Stover.

* * *

FOUR-HUNDRED boys were the guests of Nick Power at a free movie and harmonica contest given in the Strand Theatre, Doylestown, in connection with Boys' Week. First-prize winner was Walter Wendt with his rendition of "Old Black Joe" for which he received a baseball glove. Billy Robinson copped second prize with his rendition of "Home Sweet Home." The judges were Jack Rosenberger and Russ Gulick.

* * *

THE READING Lines advertised that the new, fast, convenient train service now has regular station stops for the New York trains, at Trenton Junction.

* * *

"OLD DOBBIN" is still reliable on the farm according to a debate staged by the Solebury Farmers Club at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. Howard Paxson. Horses have it all over farm tractors and the winning debaters in the two-team affair were W. W. Hurley, Edward Kinsey, Frank Magill, C. B. Price, C. Allen Knight, Beulah Hurley and J. Howard Paxson. The losers were Walter W. Ely, M. Huber Walton, Chester A. Magill, Hugh W. Michener, Howard Funk and Mary E. Havens.

* * *

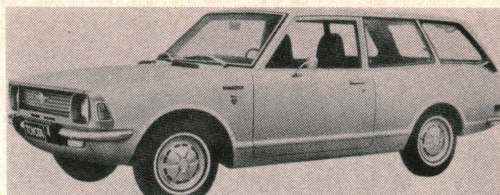
MAX CARTER'S Doylestown High tennis team defeated Abington High netmen on the Doylestown Country Club courts, 4 matches to 1. The play of Doylestown freshman Gerand Hennessy featured the affair.

* * *

THE THIRTIETH anniversary of the Doylestown Village Improvement Association (VIA) was attended by 75 members at a luncheon. The VIA now owns and operates the fine Doylestown Hospital ...

(continued on page 30)

THE NEWEST SHAPE OF ECONOMY — 1971 2-DOOR STATION WAGON



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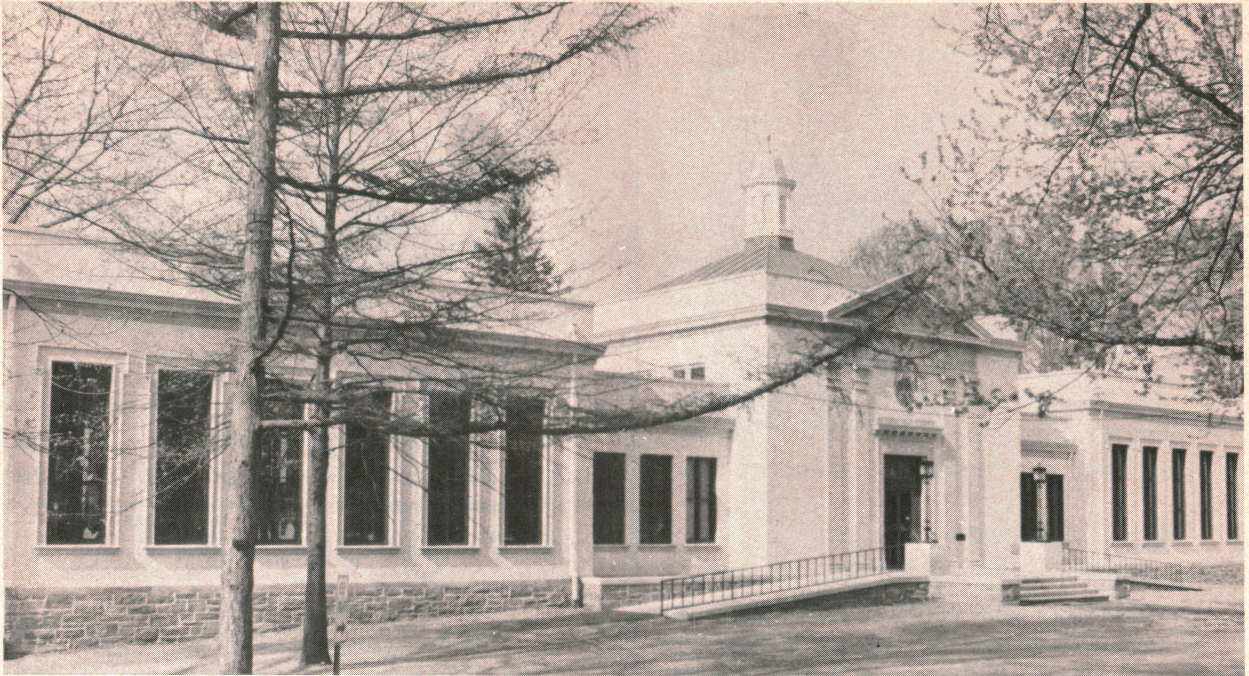
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Joseph Krauskopf Library

75th ANNIVERSARY



Samuel Mandell Science Building

The next time you are planning a trip through historical Bucks County, you should include a visit to the campus of Delaware Valley College located just west of Doylestown.

The College will celebrate its 75th anniversary this year, 1896-1971, and James Work will mark his 25th year as President of the College.

The Doylestown campus has come a long way since Joseph Krauskopf, DD. purchased a farm of one hundred acres in 1896, arranged for the construction of a small classroom building, established a faculty of two, enrolled a student body of six, and so founded the National Farm School.

From that modest beginning the school has grown to an accredited four-year College of 950 full-time students with an additional 400 students in the Evening Division and Summer School enrollment, a faculty of seventy-seven, a beautiful 35 acre campus surrounded by over 800 acres of land much of which is under cultivation.

The College offers to its students a broad scientific education, and confers the Bachelor of Science degree in the following fields of study: Agronomy, Animal Husbandry, Biology, Business Administration, Chemistry, Dairy Husbandry, Food Industry, Horticulture, and Ornamental Horticulture.

Like many colleges answering the demand for growth in higher education, construction at Delaware Valley during the 1960's doubled the size of its physical facilities. Five dormitories were completed



James Work, President

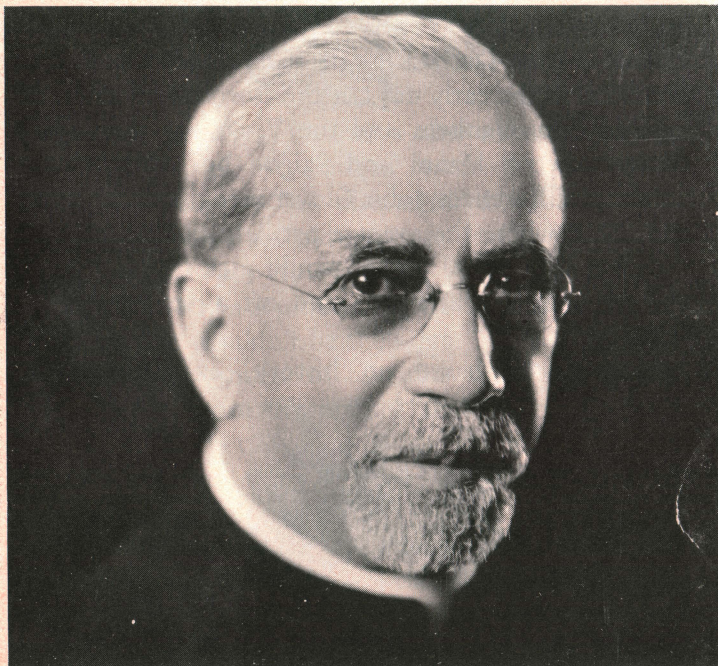
during that time and an additional residential hall was ready for occupancy in December of 1970.

The Samuel Mandell Science Building was completed in 1966. It houses offices, classrooms, and laboratories for biology, chemistry, food industry, and physics, plus a large auditorium. The David Levin Dining Hall was completed in 1967, and has a seating capacity of four hundred. The Joseph Krauskopf Memorial Library was expanded with the addition of the Samuel Cooke, and Harry Shapiro Library Wings completed in 1970.

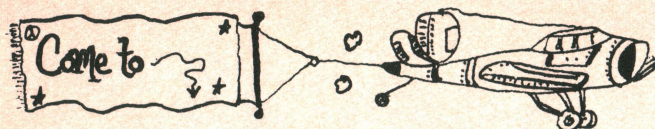
Expansion of the gymnasium was started in the summer of 1970, and will include a modern facility with a seating capacity of 1800. Final arrangements are now underway for the construction of an Education Building which will offer additional classroom space and laboratories for the expanding program at the College.

In a time when words like ecology, and environmental control seem to be popular topics, it is interesting to note that Delaware Valley College has been involved with conservation and pollution for many years.

Area high school seniors who are science oriented may wish to investigate this educational approach which offers each student an opportunity to become involved in today's ever changing world. Interviews and tours of the College can be arranged throughout the year and the College's Annual Open House is held during the first weekend in May.



Joseph Krauskopf, Founder



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BOOKS IN REVIEW

THE CROSSING, by Howard Fast. William Morrow and Company, Inc., New York. 1971. 213 pp. \$5.95.

I should hate Howard Fast. After all, he wrote a book that I always wanted to write. Fortunately for the reading public, however, he has done a better job of it than could this reviewer.

The novelist's art, whether applied to a novel or a factual account, can be applied to historical situations to enliven an otherwise dull story. Bucks County's greatest historical event, Washington's crossing of the Delaware on Christmas Night 1776, doesn't really need a shot in the arm because it oozes drama that not even a real estate want ad writer could destroy. In *The Crossing* Howard Fast uses his art to develop the characters, and the personal and sectional conflicts, that marked the days from the bitter retreat from New York to the revitalizing victory at Trenton.

The Crossing is primarily a tale of George Washington, one of history's most elusive characters. We have all read many anecdotes concerning the Father of our Country, but how much do we really know about him? Howard Fast has cleared away the myths and George Washington stands in all of his essential humanity dealing on a day to day basis with some of the greatest problems that ever faced a military commander.

The secondary story concerns John Glover's webfooted Marbleheaders who moved Bucks County's own Durham boats back and forth across the river. In the early days of the Revolution relations between the Yankees and the Virginians resembled those between Hanoi and Saigon but, despite the sectional differences John Glover recognized his duty and did it where the average petulant commander of the day, in a fit of pique, would pick up his troops and go home or, at least, send off a nasty letter to Congress.

Most books based on history, except for the



bedroom sagas, have a limited popular appeal. *The Crossing* deserves a better fate, and Bucks County's local chauvinists should take the lead and go out and buy a copy and enjoy it.

H.W.B.



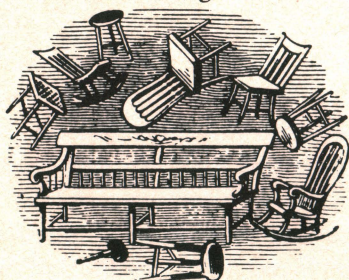
The Antique Detective

by Burt Chardak

Some people buy antiques for investment, some for their beauty and charm, some to impress their friends and neighbors. Others buy antiques to use them.

Of course, there are those who take a good dry sink or water bench and have a carpenter turn it into a hi-fi set or television console. There are others who sparingly sit upon a good Windsor chair or have dinner on a fine cherry dropleaf table. I am not talking about these people.

I'm talking about a guy like Henry M. Darling who lives a few miles from the Paoli station. Among other things, Henry raises bees, and every year he has a good supply of sweet-smelling beeswax.



This he turns into candles the color of brown sugar. He makes the candles in an old tin mold, which over the years has disintegrated. Henry now is looking for another old 12-hole mold, which on today's market runs around \$45.

"Why not buy a reproduction for \$10, Henry?"

"Oh, no. It wouldn't be the same."

Candlemolds, made of tin, and soldered together come mostly from the early 19th century. Up to a few years ago they were plentiful, but now collectors have socked them away much like others have socked away silver dollars.

The molds range in size from a single tube to 48 tubes. The most common are the 4, 6, 8 or 12 tubes. Those with the tubes arranged in a circular fashion or slanted against each other to make a triangle are rare and command the most money. I am told some of the

(continued on page 27)

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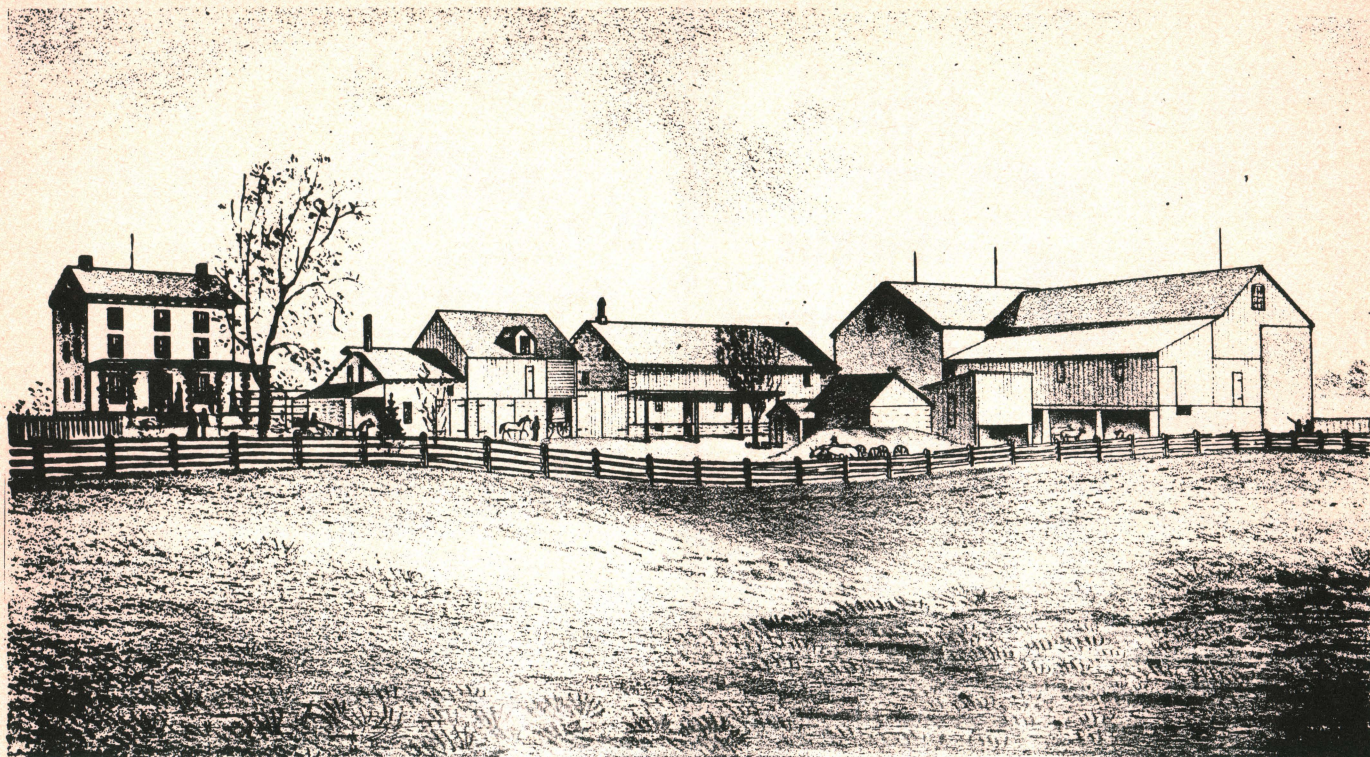
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LIFE ON THE FARM

by Eileen Wilson

We were city kids, but we had a weekend farm. No fancy names, our farm was always just "the farm" and we accepted it casually as part of our life. From our first dusty view of the farm, we loved our retreat and whispered together about the old man who had hung himself in the barn. The farm was dirty and buggy and taught us about a phase of life we might never have known. After a week in the city we would arrive at the farm and yell and run and discover new worlds of soybeans and snakes.

We had one great disappointment with our farm life. Because we were weekend farmers, we could have no animals. We had only one small dog who went along with us and loved our retreat, but he was as citified as we. We yearned for more and bigger animals.

One day when we rounded the last bend in the dirt road and wearily arrived at our farm, we sat dumbfounded and speechless as we saw on the stretch of grass between the house and barn — a horse — a real, live, honest-to-goodness horse. Our quiet shock lasted barely a moment, and then we bolted from the car, oblivious to the warnings of our

parents, oblivious to anything but our horse. Surely God had dropped this horse from Heaven just for us.

For the next few hours we would not leave him. We petted him and rode him, climbed all over him, and altogether loved him, while Dad inspected his teeth and pronounced him young and fit.

Our joy was of short life as joy usually is, for soon we found that our horse had not been a gift from God, but had wandered from a nearby farm. The woman who owned him told us that he was old and nasty and had kicked her and had broken her leg three times. We did not believe her story, for the horse we had known and loved for a few hours was docile and gentle. Every weekend thereafter we waited for him to leave her and come back to us. He never did.

* * *

I feel as if I am living the continuing saga of Life in an Old Farmhouse. No matter how much work and effort, no matter how much decoration and rehabilitation, there are problems inherent in the situation that neither change nor improve.

It seems that I cannot get away from the problem

of mice, and I am one of the lone believers that cats do nothing to help. In fact for the brief time that we had one in residence, we had more mice than usual, probably because I wouldn't let the cat into the house, and I did not seem to have the same control over the mice.

The exterminator was really no help either except he was cute and chubby and told silly stories and brightened up some cheerless days. I'll never forget the day he said to my sister-in-law, "Gosh, you look familiar; haven't I seen you before?"

Then my husband decided to take care of the mice. He put poison in the basement and numerous mice proceeded to die inside the walls and floors. We were burning incense for weeks and our dinner guests were leaving very early.

But one does learn to make adjustments to the situation and so what if all my food and kitchen supplies have to be in the top cabinets while the lower cabinets are bare. Luckily I'm fairly tall.

Then there are bugs. Every winter we breed Soldier Bugs in our living room and dining room. They come out of the woodwork near the windows. Soldier Bugs are black and orange and are really quite attractive, and the day I knew that I had passed the test of living here was the day that I picked one up, dusted under him and set him down again — not realizing until later what I had done.

We have Lady Bugs by the window in the bathroom, and since my husband and son see no objection, I do suppose that I shouldn't be too concerned either. So you see I have come a long, long way. After all I am a newcomer to this old farmhouse, having been here only a few years. The mice and bugs have been here for many, many generations and are not about to be displaced by one lone housewife. So we try to relax about it; just be sure to shake out your shoes.

There are still some moments of madness. I did raise a bit of a fuss when we arrived home from vacation to find that eight birds had come down the chimney and had quite a party before they departed this world.

Our adventures the first long winter of our stay here in Bucks County ranged from replacing water pumps and heaters to finding out that an Expressway hopes to find its way through our house and barn. We have since discovered that if you fail to have a highway, a flood plan or a landfill taking your property, then you probably don't live in Bucks County.

Last winter just three days before Christmas and just after I had thoroughly cleaned my huge old

house, we had what is known as a back puff, and which around here was known as an unholy mess or the day Mother had hysterics. Somehow as they explained it to me later, soot was caught in the chimney and when the soot could no longer escape up the chimney, the soot puffed back through the house. Beautiful, oh, beautiful! Everything and everybody was covered with a lovely coating of oil soot. All our white ceilings were dingy gray. We had soot in closets, furniture, drapes, walls, clothing, You name it; it got a puff.

Later we discovered that our insurance covered a disaster like this, and the company had the whole house cleaned which was utterly delightful, one of the nicest things that has yet happened to me, and probably the best cleaning job this old house will ever see again. But just then, before Christmas, when everyone else was clean and sparkling and jolly, we were dingy and sooty and fairly undone in spirit.

Well, Christmas came and went and we had twenty-one for dinner and everyone was happy and loving and not one person looked at the ceilings, so I do believe that next year I shall not spend all my energy cleaning but bake some pies instead.

Our latest travail has been water and the lack of it. And I have learned about wells and pumps and foot valves and believe me, when that water runs clear and fast, I sing about it.

So with the mice and bugs and the back puff and water problems go the absolute pleasure of watching the rabbits and birds and pheasants. The kids have the dubious advantage of owning and caring for a horse, and we grownups have the good fortune of having a plumber who comes immediately when we call him. Why not? We are a big account. I really plan to get to know him socially and invite him to all our future parties, as long as he brings his tools. While my machines keep running I maintain my delicate balance, but take away my electricity or the water, and I admit that I begin to become unstrung. Then I reach for a cold cloth for my head. If I took a tranquillizer every time I needed one I would have been addicted long ago. It's bad enough to be addicted to cold cloths.

All these little irritations build character, I have been told, and any wife will know who told me that. Although I wear a size eight dress, my character by now must be at least a forty-two.

So beware, you colonial buffs. If you are faint of heart and weak of constitution, build your new type house of old-fashioned bricks and forget the quaint charm and the funny smell of a real authentic farmhouse.

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COWBOYS ON CANVAS

Art collectors, that swarm of whimsical locusts who periodically and unpredictably descend upon acres of obscure artifacts, have this time ventured to a dust-choked corner of early western Americana. Incredibly, they seem to have put aside the mellow pastels of Impressionists and even the current U.S. stream of Motherwell, Rauschenburg, and Liechtenstein for the crude contrast of wild horses and prairie scenario.

One explanation for this change of direction seems to be a vast awakening of American eyes that have for so long gazed beyond these shores for visual treasures. Nearly nationalistic, the mood has rediscovered other domestic prizes, such as Bogart films, World War I enlistment posters, and Tiffany lamps.

A number of galleries have come into existence lately that will solely devote their space to frontier work. One such place is the Whitney Gallery of Western Art and Buffalo Bill Historical Center in Cody, Wyoming. The construction of the museum was principally financed by the Winchester-Western Division of Olin Corporation, through sales of their limited-edition Buffalo Bill Commemorative firearm. The rifle itself is a unique piece of art, exact in detail to those carried west by early settlers. Besides western art from the past, murals of the old west by John Clymer, a modern artist, will also be exhibited. The three 10 by 5 foot murals were commissioned by Winchester-Western; attention to accurate detail allows the viewer to feel the rugged excitement that each painting gives. "The Cattle Drive" shows a band of Indians confronting the trail boss of a cattle drive on the Platte River at Rawhide, Nebraska, in 1868.



"GOLD TRAIN" by John Clymer

Apart from its aesthetic appeal, frontier art has a very real financial lure. Small fortunes are being spent at auctions on a Frederick Remington bronze or a

Henry Farny watercolor. A set of five drawings from Remington's Hiawatha series recently sold for \$9,500. A Charles Russell oil, which the artist of ten swapped for a shot of whiskey, could today be picked up for \$150,000 to \$200,000. And if the rush on art



"THE HOMESTEADER": by Clymer.

of this type lasts, price tags could begin to challenge those of European masterpieces.

Yet, the simple but sturdy character of the old west is perhaps best portrayed by the rifle. It represents a functional piece of western American design that hardly ever left the side of cattleman and rancher alike. The Lone Star Commemorative, another limited edition replica from Olin's Winchester-Western Division, is an exact copy of the early Winchester lever action. It was created in honor of the 125th anniversary of Texas' annexation. The firearms are impressive sculptures of wood and metal with the receiver, upper and lower tang, contoured lever, forearm cap and magazine, all gold plated. A special commemorative medallion is embedded in the buttstock and the left side of the receiver is engraved with a large star and the dates 1845 and 1970.

But there are critics of the western art boom. Some feel the temporary shift to more heroic values in America is responsible, and will soon die off. None the less, that courageous breed of artists who worked amid the ruthless, uncivilized air that characterizes the frontier west, deserve the posthumous recognition that the art world only now is paying them.

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BETWEEN FRIENDS

by Sheila Martin



April — the month whose birthstone is a girl's best friend, the diamond. A diamond is the hardest substance in the world and symbolizes constancy. Even someone not born in April would have no objections to wearing a diamond, I am sure.

Congratulations go to two Bucks County couples — Mr. and Mrs. G. Walter Laise of New Britain who recently celebrated their 60th wedding anniversary and Mr. and Mrs. Russell Fretz of Ottsville who celebrated their 50th.

The Gaudeamus Riding Club Horse Show of Doylestown was named the "most improved show" for 1970 by the United Professional Horsemen's Association at the group's annual convention in Louisville, Kentucky.

Pierre Djokic, Jr., 8th grade student at Newtown Friends School, participated in the Walter Damrosch Scholarship Fund Benefit Concert at Carnegie Recital Hall in New York on Sunday, March 7th.

Pierre, son of Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Djokic of Trenton, is one of the leading young cellists in the country. For the Carnegie performance, he played the Rococo Variations by Peter Tschaikovsky. Beginning at age 7, Pierre has studied the cello in Philadelphia, Trenton, and New York, under such masters as Joseph Druian, Leonard Rose and Channing Robbins. For the past two years he has been a student at the Juilliard School in New York, with his main goal in life to be a concert cellist.

George Washington will be honored by having his best-known portraits re-introduced to the nation's schools. This project aimed toward the 1976 Bicentennial celebration was inaugurated by a Bucks



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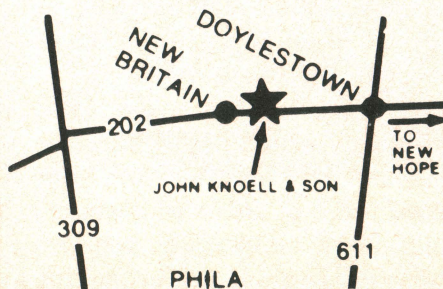
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County, Pa. educator, Mr. George F. Lebegern, Jr. of the Pennsbury School System.

The initial project includes: 1. Placing a suitably framed Gilbert Stuart print of George Washington in each kindergarten classroom and each fifth grade classroom, and a suitably framed print of the Emanuel Leutze painting "Washington Crossing the Delaware" in the lobby of each elementary school in the Pennsbury District. 2. Placing a suitably framed print of one of the Founding Fathers or one of the heroes of the American Revolution in each elementary school classroom and accompanying biographical sketches and project goals.

Ann Hawkes Hutton, historian and chairman of the board of the Washington Crossing Foundation stated, "The Foundation commends Mr. Lebegern and the Pennsbury School District for this outstanding program. It amplifies the visual education efforts and inspirational programs sponsored by the Washington Crossing Foundation and the Washington Crossing (Pa.) Park Commission." Mrs. Hutton, also a member of the American Revolution Bicentennial Commission, expressed confidence that this Commission would encourage all appropriate school programs. She stated that free copies of the famed Leutze painting, "Washington Crossing the Delaware"

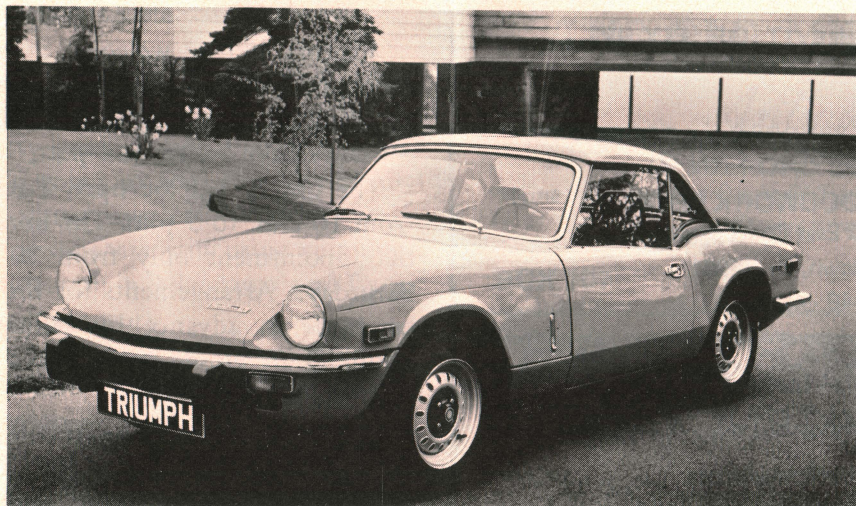
and the Stuart portrait of Washington will be furnished to schools throughout the nation while supplies last. Requests can be made in writing to the Washington Crossing Foundation, Box 1976, Washington Crossing, Pa. 18977.

Bucks County has a visitor from the Wild West in its midst — a most fascinating visitor, John Gibbons Langan. He has an Indian name, Pahizi Wawoyaka, because he has lived with the Sioux Indians for many years and is a recognized authority on American Indian life and philosophy. Mr. Langan is in the County on a lecture tour to raise funds for the support of American Indian Student Centers at American and Canadian colleges. Any organizations wishing information on his program may call Mr. Langan at 297 - 5837 or write to Box 174, Point Pleasant, Pa.

The Board of Directors of the Bucks County Historical Society recently appointed Terry A. McNealy, Librarian of the Society's Library, and confirmed the appointment of Kenneth Hinde as Assistant Curator of the Mercer Museum.

(continued on page 26)

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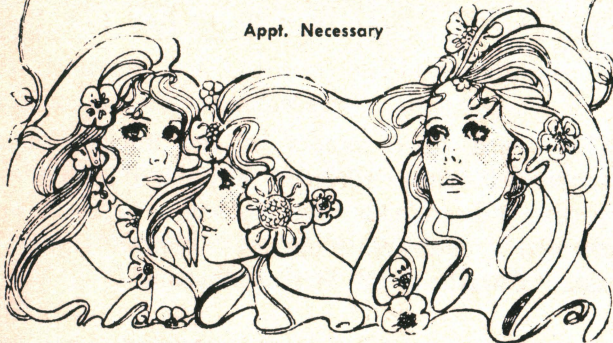


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(*FRIENDS* con't from page 25)

McNealy, a resident of Doylestown, attained his A. B. degree from Lafayette College with Honors in History. He continued his graduate studies in history at Columbia University, and will receive his M. S. in Library Science from Drexel University in June.

He is the author of the first volume of *A History of Bucks County, Pennsylvania* published in 1970 by the Bucks County Historical-Tourist Commission, and currently is working on the second volume. Hinde, who lives in the Doylestown area, holds a B. A. degree from Ursinus College and plans to acquire his Masters and Ph. D. degrees in the field of American Studies while working at the museum.

* * *

The Treasure Chest of Doylestown will sponsor a Spring Supper Dance to benefit retarded adults of the Doylestown area. The Affair will be held at the Warrington Country Club on Saturday, May 1 with cocktails at 7 p.m., supper at 8 p.m., and dancing from 9 p.m. to 1 a.m. to the music of the Banjoliers. Tickets for this very lovely evening may be obtained from Mrs. A. Luther Nash at 348 - 5482. You will be helping a worthy cause.

* * *

March 2 was the reopening date for the Mercer Museum and the Library of the Bucks County Historical Society at Pine and Ashland Streets in Doylestown.

Visitors will be welcome at the museum Tuesday through Saturday from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. April through October only, the museum will be open on Sundays from 1 p.m. to 5 p.m.

The library will be open Tuesday through Friday from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. The library will also be open by appointment only from 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. on Saturdays. Arrangements for the Saturday hours may be made in advance by calling the Society. Both buildings are closed on Mondays for maintenance and staff work.

The Museum Shop, open from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. is an innovation on the ground floor of the central court. In this new enclosed area, visitors will find an alcove devoted to historical society publications and a substantial variety of books pertinent to artifacts in the museum. Reproductions of items similar to those in the museum such as tinware will also be available. The aim of the shop is to offer articles made in the tradition of Early American craftsmen, whose tools form the bulk of the Mercer Museum collection.

(*ANTIQUE* con't from page 19)

most sought after molds are those containing an odd number of tubes.

Henry told me how to make candles. I tied strings to a piece of wire that I snipped from a coat hanger and hung the strings down the tubes. Not having bees wax or tallow, I sent my wife out for some paraffin. We melted it, poured it into the holes, allowed it to harden and then dunked the mold in hot water.

You've probably already guessed that we ended up with a gooey mess that stuck inside the candle mold like chewing gum. That ended a new hobby. Now we let visitors think the wax oozing out of the mold is as old as the mold itself.

Another item that has become very collectible is the cookie cutter. They are shaped in the form of dogs, chickens, horses, sheep, birds of paradise, dolls, hearts, diamonds and so on.

Don't turn up your nose; a collection that was sold last year at Freeman's in Philadelphia brought high prices. In fact, a large horse cookie cutter was sold for \$150 and one of a man went for nearly as much. Of course, the smaller ones — not as rare — brought much less.

There's a baker in Quakertown, in Upper Bucks County, who has quite a collection on his wall. Another baker has an even better collection, including a large horse and a large Santa Claus. I was surprised to find that around Christmas time, he used these fairly valuable cutters to make cookies for the shop.

Then there's another neighbor, David Paul, who has a small farm up the road. He's looking for a spinning wheel in pretty good shape. It's not for the fire place either. He's going to spin wool from his own sheep and weave it into coverlets.

Apparently other persons are still using spinning wheels for there's a craftsman in Allentown who fixes up old ones and makes them work.

Then there are crocks. Believe it or not, the fast buck artists are reproducing them, too, with a pretty blue bird or eagle on the front.

There's a young woman who lives in Finland who makes her own wine and is willing to pay more for an antique crock than a new one, though the crock never gets out of the cellar. Maybe it gives age to the wine.

Others I know use old coffee grinders, apple peelers, turk's head molds. And, of course, such furniture as blanket chests, corner cupboards, card tables, hanging lights, and andirons are better used than looked at.



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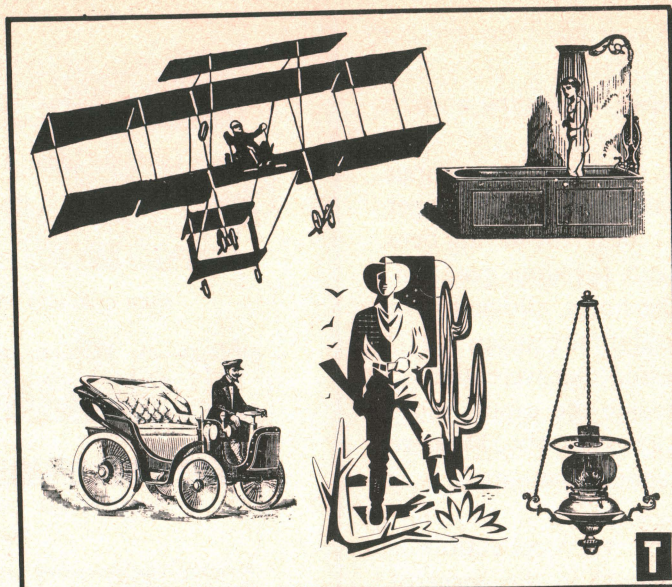
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Who would have believed *that* a hundred years ago? A metal machine that can *fly through the air*? Wagons pulled along the street *without horses*? Pills that make “crazy” people well again? Hot and cold running water in almost every home?

One hundred years ago, right around 1871, the first elevator was installed in an office building and two patents were granted for a thing called a typewriter. Later, Bell invented the telephone; Ford the car; and the Wright Brothers headed for the sky.

Working in a school for deaf people, Alexander Graham Bell was inspired to invent the telephone. The first telephone communication took place in 1876, when Bell said to his assistant, “Mr. Watson, come here; I want you.”

A short time later, the “Wizard of Menlo Park” — Thomas Edison — set up shop in that New Jersey town and advanced the telephone with his development of the carbon transmitter. Edison’s bright idea was the light bulb, although he patented 1,092 inventions in his lifetime.

At the turn of the century, the 75,000,000 people in the United States were using nearly a million telephones — and 4,000 horseless carriages. Henry Ford’s 1893 invention prompted the passage of new speed and safety laws in each state; New York had a law restricting “speed demons” to 10 miles per hour in cities, 20 miles per hour on the open road.

In the same year, the Wright Brothers headed straight for the sky — and covered 120 feet of it in 12 seconds!

Women voters? Up until 1920 it was just a dream, like typewriters had been. By now, every 13th American owned a car, and numbered among prospective auto owners were our doughboys, fresh from the European battlefield. Jazz, flappers — and a flask-toting defiance of the 18th Amendment marked a decade capped with disaster in the stock market.

A hundred years ago, people still hunted for their food. Now millions hunt for fun, and sport.

Fifteen years ago there was no polio vaccine, and seven out of ten of the medications prescribed today were unknown. While General Eisenhower was president, the first atomic submarine, *Nautilus*, was launched. The three-minute mile became a hard-run reality — and the “1½-hour 25,000 miles” was achieved by orbiting artificial satellites (the first “sputnik” went up in 1957)! Texas was eclipsed as America’s biggest state by Alaska, heralding a new age of growth. And, in 1969, a man actually landed on the moon!

What’s in store? With shades of Buck Rogers, Laser beams probe a shining future in medicine, entertainment, industry and the military. New surgical techniques aim at “freezing” old problems and transplanting new hope in man’s heart. And just as man conquered Mt. Everest, his plans have expanded to the challenge of space, the mountains of the moon, and the tempting flicker of the faintest stars.

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(CALENDAR cont. from page 3)

- 1 - 30 DOYLESTOWN — Moravian Pottery and Tile Works, Swamp Road (Route 313) north of Court Street. Sun. Noon to 5 p.m., and Wed. thru Sat. 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Admission: \$1 adults, Children 25 cents. Group rates.
- 1 - 30 NEW HOPE — Mule-drawn barge rides, Wed., Sat., and Sun. See canal life as it was 125 years ago. Hours 1, 3, 4:30, and 6 p.m.
- 1 - 30 TELFORD — Lockwood Galleries, 345 Church Rd. Paintings, sculpture, pottery and weaving exhibits. Hours: Evenings 6 to 50 p.m., Sat. and Sun. 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.
- 1 - 30 SELLERSVILLE — Walter Baum Galleries, 225 N. Main St., "Shock Art", by Frank Ponstingle of Coopersburg. Daily, including Sun. 1 to 4:30 p.m. or by appointment 257 - 2223.
- 1,2,3 LANGHORNE — Neshaminy Valley Music Theatre presents "Guys and Dolls" at Neshaminy High School Auditorium. Curtain 8 p.m. Reserved seats. For tickets and information call 357-4417 after 4 p.m.
- 1,2,3 NEW HOPE — Bucks County Playhouse presents "Billy Budd". Curtain on Thurs. 7:30 p.m., Fri. and Sat. 8:30 p.m. Tickets and information by writing or calling 862-2041.
- 3 WARMINSTER — The Warminster Symphony with the Bucks County Ballet Company will perform at the Log College Jr. High School Auditorium, 8:30 p.m. For ticket information OS 2-0837 or 348-8016.
- 3 DOYLESTOWN — A Puppet Show will be presented at the James Lorah House, "Hansel and Gretel", 2 p.m. Tickets 50 cents, can be purchased at the door.
- 3 NEWTOWN — Miss Bucks County Pageant — Council Rock High School Auditorium. Tickets are necessary. Call Lower Bucks Chamber of Commerce, sponsor, at 943-7400.
- 15 NEWTOWN — Council Rock Community Concert Association presents a concert in the Council Rock High School Auditorium, featuring duo-pianists Hodgins and Howard. Tickets and information can be obtained by writing Box 354, Newtown, Pa., 18940 or call 968-4156.
- 15 - 30 NEW HOPE — "Lenteboden", Living catalog display of early daffodils and tulips, River Rd., Route 32, 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.
- 16,17 WARMINSTER — Log College Jr. High School presents its fourth annual musical "The Music Man". For tickets and information call the school — 672-7100.
- 17,18 MORRISVILLE — Spring Seminar at Pennsbury Manor. Decorative Arts of Ireland. Reservations are necessary with the Manor, Morrisville, Pa. 19067. (Phone 946-0400).
- 24 WASHINGTON CROSSING — Ann Hawkes Hutton Scholarships Awards Ceremony, Memorial Building. 2:00 p.m.
- 24 CORNWELLS HEIGHTS — Delaware Valley Philharmonic Orchestra of Bucks County presents a concert — 8 p.m. For tickets and information write PO Box 325, Levittown, Pa. or call 945-4506. To be held in the Bensalem High School Auditorium.

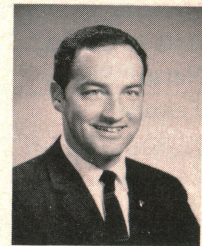
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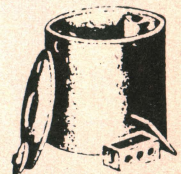
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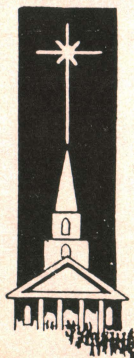
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(RUSS continued from page 15)

Thirty-seven prisoners were listed on the docket at the Bucks County Prison . . . As this column is being written Major John Case, head of the county's Department of Corrections has a grand total of 204 inmates (160 at the County Prison, 58 at the Rehabilitation Center, 22 at the Juvenile Detention Center).

* * *

THE COST OF marrying as well as the cost of keeping married after you are married continued upward even back in 1925. The price of obtaining a marriage license at the Bucks County bureau increased that year from \$1.50 to \$2.50. In 1885 it was possible to get a marriage license in Bucks County for 50 cents. Today it will cost you \$4.00 and some applicants contend it is cheap at half price.

* * *

AN ESTATE OF \$128,000 was left by Dr. William Edgar Geil of "The Barrens," Doylestown Township, who died in Venice, Italy, April 11, 1925. The First Baptist Church of Doylestown and Lafayette College shared in this estate, among others. Dr. Geil was a noted author, lecturer, missionary and explorer.

* * *

THE HON. HARMON Yerkes and Attorney Webster S. Achey were guests of Ralph Beaver Strasburger at "Normandy Farms" on the occasion of the annual meeting of The Huguenot Society . . . Seven large steel girders were transported from the Lansdale plant of the Weaver Structural Steel Co. to Doylestown to be used in the erection of the new Hayman-Radcliff Motor Company's garage.

* * *

ACCORDING TO a report submitted at the annual meeting of the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting of Friends (the Hicksite group) "There is a general concern for education regarding the injurious effects of alcohol and narcotics, although the members are not entirely clear on the use of tobacco." The Society of Friends, it was also reported, have no part in the manufacture of liquor.

* * *

ART DOPE, writing his sports column in 1925, reported that 18 records were shattered in the greatest athletic carnival in the history of Bucks County, at George School. Connie McEntee, Doylestown High, won the Class A 440-yard dash in .55 seconds; J. Donald Bean, Doylestown, won the Class A 880-yard dash in 2.13. At this meet, pretty Miss McConnell of Bensalem Township won the Class B 50-yard dash for girls in 6 4/5 seconds, just 4/5ths of a second off the world record.

(BUCKS COUNTY con't from page 11)

Through the walls she could see the youngsters at their desks . . . earphones in place, eyes glued to screens and pencils poised above the audio pads. She remembered to program their snack center for their concentrated mid-morning break.

Back in the kitchen she started planning the meals for the day. Flipping through the computerized menu planner she selected a soup and sandwich lunch for herself and the kids. Then with dinner company in mind, she programmed a roast beef, baked potatoes and brussel sprouts . . . coffee and a chocolate torte.

She pressed the button above her work area and was immediately connected with the grocery store in New Hope. As images of the day's specialties were projected on a small glass panel near her hand, she checked off items and ordered what she needed.

Then, after setting the window washers going and moisturizing the garden she joined her children for lunch. The youngsters left afterwards for Philadelphia, and as soon as she had fed the trash disposal, she got ready to meet her sister at a fashion show in Doylestown.

Her imported compact slid silently out of the drive and over its appointed route, automatically taking the right turns and keeping the same steady rate of travel. It was no time at all before she could see the soft green of the bubble housing Doylestown, shining in the sun. She enjoyed the show, with its many unusual fashions .

It was seven o'clock. The children, back from their trip were having another swim before dinner. The woman appeared in a long flowing gown of a soft, silky disposable fabric. Her husband wore a long robe of a felt-like substance. He pushed a button that flooded every room with a gentle barrage of music-to-listen-to, programmed to their home and taste from the central station in Trenton. Another flick of a switch filled the living room with a warm, muted rosy, glow — reminiscent of firelight.

The audio control panel flashed, and they could see the faces of their guests waiting at the front door. She broke the beam, allowing them to enter, and took their coats. Each person was invited to mix his own drink at the automatic bar. The hostess had no fear of spills because the carpet and everything else in the house was waterproof and stain resistant.

The evening was a success, and the guests were late to leave. Their cars were ready, having been kept warm on the heated drive. The moon shone clear and crisp over the domes of the Bucks County towns . . . through air as clear as a bell. Bucks County in the year 2000?

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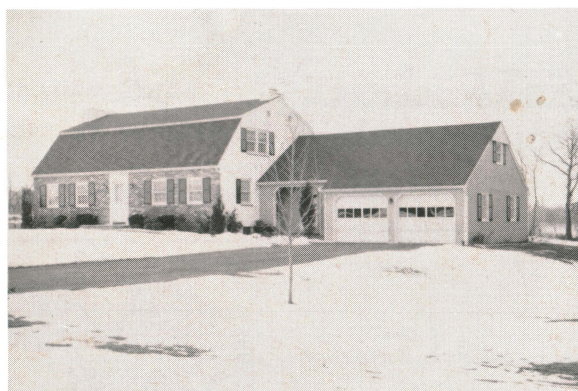
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